THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

REVIEW.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and Other Poems. By James Montgomery. London. 18mo. 1806. pp. 175.

THIS is a poem, heroic in subject, but lyric in its style and versification; and, in this incompatible union, the author believes that he may congratulate himself. Whatever may be the execution, for the design, he tells us, he thinks there is a claim to favour.

He is certainly in the wrong. Narrative and conversation require the long measures in which they have always hitherto been given; the hexameter, and the English heroic verse. To imagine a conversation supported, and a tale told, with the rapidity of the ode, is impossible. In the following passage, which concludes the poem, and which is, if not the best, nearly the best, that can be pointed out, and where the matter is peculiarly favourable to lyric measure, its absurdity will manifest itself to every reflecting reader. The *Wanderer*, after detailing his sufferings, on the occasion of the French incursion into Switzerland, declares his intention of settling in America:

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine wasted North.
'Freedom, in a land of rocks,
'Wild as Scandinavia give,
'Pow'r Eternal! where our flocks
'And our little ones may live!'
Thus they pray'd; a secret hand
Led them, by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.
To the vale of Switz they came;
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.
Thence their ardent labours spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Tow'ring Beauty show'd her head,
And a new creation rose!
—So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the valleys, tame the floods.
Till a beauteous inland isle,
By a forest-sea embrac'd,
Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.
There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure, and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty!

SHEPHERD.

Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbelov'd, shall bring to mind,
Warm with ev'ning's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind;
And—thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
—Simple, tender and sublime,—
How will thy poor cheek turn pale!
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
Underwalden's charming vale
And thine own sweet cottage rise!

WANDERER.

By the glorious ghost of Tell!
By Morgarthen's awful fray!
By the field where Albert fell,
In this last and bitter day!

Soul of Switzerland, arise!
—Ha! the spell has wak'd the dead;
From her ashes to the skies
Switzerland exalts her head!

See the Queen of Mountains stand,
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet!

Hark! her voice:—'My sons! awake!
'Freedom dawns, behold the day!'
'From the bed of bondage break!
''Tis your mother calls!—obey!

At the sound, our fathers' graves
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toss, like waves,
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Arise, my brethren! cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves;
Arise! your mother's voice obey,
And appease your fathers' *graves!*

Strike! the conflict is begun;
Freemen, Soldiers, follow me!
Shout—the victory is won—
'SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!'

SHEPHERD.

Warrior,—warrior, stay thine arm!
Sheath, oh sheath thy frantic sword!

WANDERER.

Ah! I rave!—I faint!—the charm
Flies—and mem'ry is restor'd.

Yes, to agony restor'd,
From the too-transporting charm;
Sleep for ever, O my sword!
Be thou wither'd, O my arm!

Switzerland is but a name!
—Yet, I feel, where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same,
Switzerland is still my home!

We have a high respect for the talents of this writer; but the Wanderer of Switzerland is a subject not chosen with felicity. The question has often been agitated, whether it be expedient for the poet to seize on recent events. For our part, we think that nothing can be clearer than this, that when we have a clear and circumstantial knowledge of any given historical affair, we cannot be content to pore over a fictitious and obscure representation of the same thing.

Mr. Montgomery's genius has acquired a decided turn for lyric composition. We shall subjoin two further specimens, to which, if our limits permitted, we should be pleased to add, on account of its versification, the ode, entitled, The Lyre. The Ode to the Volunteers of Britain, is, in our estimation, that to which, on the whole, praise may be most freely given. In what immediately follows, *consecrated ground* is a very feeble expression:

A FIELD FLOWER:

On finding one in full bloom on Christmas Day. 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield—
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The vi'let in the vale.

But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page:——In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER! retire,
Thy reign is past;
Hoary Sire!
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away.
Winter! retire;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay?
Mount the chariot of thine air,
And quit the realms of day!

On thy state
Whirlwinds wait;
And bloodshot meteors lend thee light:
Hence! to dreary arctick regions
Summon thy terrifick legions!
Hence! to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight!

From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze!
Awake, arise:
Breath of heaven! benignly blow,
Melt the snow;
Breath of heaven! unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment thro' the air:
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair:
Dark before her angel-form
She drives the Demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night's withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine, in FLORA's desart bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers!

O welcome to our isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace!
At whose bewitching smile
Th' embattled tempests cease:
Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
Firstborn of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth
She bursts from Winter's tomb,
Thy Parent's eye had shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear,
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear
And anxious love gives place!
But lo! the dew-drop falls away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak!

——When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye;
——Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!—
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance;
Simple SNOW-DROP! then, in thee,
All thy sister train I see;
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose;
All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the year;
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom;
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
—Their hues, their odours all are thine!
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen prophetic sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

—There is a Winter in my soul,
The Winter of despair;
Oh! when shall Spring its rage control?
When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away;
Thus northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn,
That never turns to day!

——But hark! methinks I hear
A small still whisper in mine ear;
"Rash youth! repent;
"Afflictions from above,
"Are angels, sent
"On embassies of love.
"A fiery legion, at thy birth,
"Of chastening woes were given,
"To pluck thy flowers of Hope from earth,
"And plant them high
"O'er yonder sky,
"Transform'd to stars,—and fix'd in heaven."

For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 10.

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM IV.—BY LEBEID.

Although the opening of this poem is that of a love-elegy, and the greater part of it be purely pastoral, yet it seems to have been composed on an occasion more exalted than the departure of a mistress, or the complaints of a lover; for the poet, *who was also a genuine patriot*, had been entertained at the court of Nomaan, king of Hira, in Mesopotamia, and had there been engaged in a warm controversy with Rabeiah, son of Zeiad, chief of the Ab-

sites, concerning the comparative excellence of their tribes. Lebeid himself relates, what might be very naturally expected from a man of his eloquence and warmth, *that he maintained the glory of his countrymen, and his own dignity against all opponents;* but, in order to perpetuate his victory, and to render his triumph more brilliant, he produced the following poem at the annual assembly, and, having obtained the suffrages of the cities, was permitted, as we are told, to hang it up on the gate of the Temple.

The fifteen first couplets are extremely picturesque, and highly characteristic of Arabian manners; they are followed by an expostulatory address of the poet himself, or of some friend, who attended him in his rambles, on the folly of his fruitless passion for Nawara, who had slighted him, and whose tent was removed to a considerable distance. Occasion is hence taken to interweave a long description of the camel on which he intended to travel far from the object of his love, and which he compares for swiftness to a cloud driven by the wind, or a wild ass running to a pool, after having subsisted many months on herbage only; or rather to a wild cow, hastening in search of her calf, whom the wolves had left mangled in the forest: the last comparison consists of seventeen couplets, and may be compared with the long-tailed similies of the Greek and Roman poets. He then returns to Nawara, and requites her coyness with expressions of equal indifference; he describes the gaiety of his life, and the pleasures which he can enjoy, even in her absence; he celebrates his own intrepidity in danger, and firmness in his military station; whence he takes occasion to introduce a short, but lively, description of his horse; and, in the seventieth couplet, alludes to the before-mentioned contest, which gave rise to the poem: thence he passes to the praises of his own hospitality; and concludes with a panegyric on the virtues of his tribe.

THE POEM OF LEBEID.

Desolate are the mansions of *the fair* the stations in Minia, where they rested, and those where they fixed their abodes! Wild are the hills of Goul, and deserted is the summit of Rijaana! The camels of Rayaan are destroyed: the remains of them are laid bare and smoothed by *floods*, like characters engraved on solid rocks!

Dear ruins! Many a year has been closed, many a month, holy and unhallowed, has elapsed, since I exchanged tender vows with their fair inhabitants! The rainy constellations of spring have made their hills green and luxuriant; the drops from the thunder-clouds have drenched them with profuse as well as with gentle showers; *showers*, from every nightly cloud, from every cloud veiling the horizon at day-break, and from every evening cloud, responsive with hoarse murmurs. Here the wild eringo-plants raise their tops; here the antelopes bring forth their young on the sides of the valley; and here the ostriches drop their eggs. The large-eyed wild-cows lie suckling their young, a few days old; their young, who will soon become a herd on the plain. The torrents have cleared the rubbish, and disclosed the traces of habitations, as the reeds of a writer restore effaced letters in a book; or, as the black dust, sprinkled over the varied marks on a fair hand, brings to view with a brighter tint the blue stains of woad.

I stood asking news of the ruins, concerning their lovely inhabitants; but what avail my questions to dreary rocks, who answer them only by their echo?

In the plains which are now naked, a populous tribe once dwelled; but they decamped at early dawn, and nothing of them remains, but the canals which encircled their tents, and the thumaam-plants, with which they were repaired.

How were thy tender affections raised, when the damsels of the tribe departed; when they hid themselves in carriages of cotton, like antelopes in their lair, and the tents, as they were struck, gave a piercing sound!

They were concealed in vehicles whose sides were well covered with awnings and carpets, with fine-spun curtains and pictured veils: a company of maidens were seated in them *with*

black eyes and graceful motions, like the wild heifers of Tudah, or the roes of Wegera tenderly gazing on their young. They hastened their camels, till the sultry vapour gradually stole them from thy sight; and they seemed to pass through a vale, wild with tamarisks rough with large stones, like the valley of Beisha.

Ah! what remains in thy remembrance, of the beautiful Nawara, since now she dwells at a distance, and all the bonds of union between her and thee, both strong and weak, are torn asunder? A damsel, who sometimes has her abode in Faid, and sometimes is a neighbour to the people of Hejaaz, how can she be an object of thy desire? She alights at the eastern side of the two mountains, *Aja* and *Salma*, and then stops on the hills of Mohajjer; Rokhaam also and Ferda receive her with joy. When she travels towards Yemen, we may suppose that she rests at Sawayik; and baits at the stations of Wahaaf and Telkhaam! Break then so vain a connection, with a mistress whose regard has ceased; for hapless is an union with a maid who has broken her vow! When a damsel is kind and complacent, love her with ardent affection; but, when her faith staggers, and her constancy is shaken, let your disunion be unalterably fixed.

Execute thy purpose, O Lebeid, on a camel wearied by long journeys, which have left but little of her former strength; a camel whose sides are emaciated, and on whose back the bunch is diminished: yet, even in this condition, when her flesh is extenuated, and her hair thin, when, after many a toilsome day, the thong of her shoes is broken; even now, she has a spirit so brisk that she flies with the rein, like a dun cloud driven by the south wind, after it has discharged its shower; or, like a female wild-ass, whose teats are distended with milk, while the male, by whom she is with foal, is grown lean with driving his rivals from her, with biting and kicking them in his rage. He runs with her up the crooked hills, although he has been wounded in his battles; but her present coyness, compared with her late fondness, fills him with surprise. He ascends the sandy hillock of Thalbut, and explores its deserted top, fearing lest an enemy should lurk behind the guide-stones. There they remain, till the close of the sixth month, till the frosty season is past; they subsist on herbage without water; their time of fasting and retirement is long. The thorns of the buhma plant wound their hind-legs; and the sultry winds of summer drive them violently on their course. At length, they form in their minds a fixed resolution *of seeking some cool rivulet*, and the object of their settled purpose is nearly attained. They alternately raise high clouds of dust, with an extended shade, as the smoke rises from a pile of dry wood newly kindled and flaming, when fresh arfage-plants are mingled in the heap, and the north-wind plays with a blazing fire. He passes on, but makes her run before him; for such is his usual course, when he fears that she will linger behind. They rush over the margin of the rivulet, they divide the waters of the full stream, whose banks are covered with the plants of kolaam; banks, which a grove of reeds, part erect and part laid prostrate, overshades or clothes as with a mantle.

Is this *the swiftness of* my camel? *No;* rather she resembles a wild-cow, whose calf has been devoured by ravenous beasts, when she had suffered him to graze apart, and relied for his protection on the leader of the herd; a mother with flat nostrils; who, as soon as she misses her young one, ceases not to run hastily round the vales, between the sand-hills, and to fill them with her mournful cries; with cries for her white-haired young, who now lies rolled in dust, after the dun wolves, hunters of the desert, have divided his mangled limbs, and their feast has not been interrupted. They met him in the moment of her neglect; they seized him with eagerness; for, oh! how unerring are the arrows of death!

She passes the night in agony, while the rain falls in a continued shower, and drenches the tangled groves with a profuse stream. She shelters herself under the root of a tree, whose boughs

are thick, apart from the other trees, whose fine sands are shaken by her motion: yet the successive drops fall on her striped back, while the clouds of night veil the light of the stars. Her white hair glimmers when the darkness is just coming on, and sparkles like the pearls of a merchant, when he scatters them from the string. At length, when the clouds are dispersed, she rises early, and her hoofs glide on the slippery ground. She grows impatient and wild with grief; she lies frantic in the pool of Soayid for seven whole days, with their twin sisters, *seven nights*; and now she is in total despair; her teats, which were full of milk, are grown flaccid and dry, though they are not worn by sucking and weaning her young; she now hears the cry of the hunters; she hears it, but sees them not; she trembles with fear; for she knows that the hunters bring her destruction: she sits quivering, and imagines that the cause of her dread will appear on one side and the other, before and behind her. When the archers despair *of reaching her with their shafts*, they let slip their long-eared hounds, answering to their names, with bodies dry and thin. They rush on; but she brandishes against them her extended horns, both long and sharp, as javelins made by the skilful hand of Samhar, striving to repel them; for she knows that, if her effort be vain, the destined moment of her death must soon approach: then she drives *the dog* Casaab to his fate: she is stained with his blood; and Sokhaam is left prostrate on the field.

(*To be continued.*)

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The readers of *Love and Reason*, a ballad, by Mr. Moore, and lately printed in the Port Folio, will be pleased, as I persuade myself, with the subjoined poem, entitled, *The Nursing of Love*. Here, too, the poor child arrives at an untimely end, but not through the means of that terrible bugbear, Reason.

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Lapp'd on Cythera's golden sands,
When True-Love first was born on earth,
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claim'd the sweet employ:
Her cup, her thornless flow'r, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub-head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks and changeful mind of youth;
Too mild the seraph, Peace, appear'd;
Too stern, too cold, the matron, Truth.

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own;
But Prudence disallow'd her right;
She deem'd her Iris-pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was giv'n,
And well with Hope the cherub throve;
Till Innocence came down from Heav'n,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!

Pleasure grew mad, with envious spite,
When all preferr'd to her she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
When pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
Tir'd Innocence, to slumber's pow'r
One moment bow'd her virgin head;

Then Pleasure, on the thoughtless child,
Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest;
Drunk with new joy, he heav'd, he smil'd,
Reel'd, sunk—and died upon her breast.

The above is a translation, and, as you need not be told, from a modern poet: I regret that I cannot give you the author's name. It is very possible that we have here the parent of *Love and Reason*, which seems to be neither more nor less than an illustration of one of the thoughts:

Too cold, too stern, the matron, Truth.

—Mr. Oldschool, it is many months since I first wished to transmit to you a copy of the following Ode to the Volunteers of Great Britain, written On the Prospect of Invasion, by Mr. James Montgomery. When I saw it first, it was a fugitive, in the newspapers; but the author, after some correction, has now given it a home, in a volume of his poems, of which I must think that it is the best ornament:

O for the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful, in death,
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalmed in fond affection's breath,
And bathed in woman's tears!

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

—But the wild waves shall sweep
Britannia's foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey!—

No!—they have 'scap'd the waves,
'Scap'd the blue monster's maws;
They come! but oh, shall Gallic slaves
Give English freemen laws?

By Alfred's spirit, no!
—Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums, awake! ye clarions, blow!
Ye heralds, shout, "To arms!"

To arms our heroes fly;
And, leading on their lines,
The British banner in the sky,
The star of conquest, shines.

The low'ring battle forms
Its terrible array;
Like clashing clouds, in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way.

The rushing armies meet;
And, while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

—Ghosts of the mighty dead,
Your children's hearts inspire;
And, while they on your ashes head,
Rekindle all their fire!

The dead to life return;
Our fathers' spirits rise!
—My brethren, in YOUR breasts they burn;
They sparkle in YOUR eyes!

Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage,
Strike, strike th' assailing giants low,
The Titans of the age!

They yield—they break—they fly;
The victory is won;
Pursue—they faint—they fall—they die:
Oh stay!—the work is done!

Spirit of Vengeance, rest!
Sweet Mercy cries, Forbear!
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
Thou wilt not pierce them there?

—Thus vanish Britain's foes
From her consuming eye!
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer—those who die!

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living hero's brows;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
—His children and his spouse!

Exulting o'er his lot,
The danger he has brav'd;
He clasps the dear-ones, hails the cot
Which his own valour sav'd.

—Daughters of Albion, weep!
On this triumphant plain,
Your fathers, husbands, brethren, sleep,
For you and freedom slain!

Oh gently close the eye
That lov'd to look on you;
Oh seal the lip, whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath, was true.

With knots of sweetest flow'rs;
Their winding-sheets perfume;
And wash their wounds with true-love show'rs,
And dress them for the tomb!

For beautiful, in death,
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond affection's breath,
And bath'd in woman's tears.

—Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And oh, be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie!

Their loveliest mother-earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave!

In this transcribing fit, I add a description of the person and costume of old Gower, taken from an ancient MS. and printed in the Monthly Magazine, 1801, p. 35.

Large he was—his height was long;
Broad of breast; his limbs were strong,
But colour pale, and wan his look,
Such as they that ply'n their book;
His head was *gray*, and quaintly shorn,
Neatly was his beard yworn;
His visage stern and grave and grim;
Cato was most like to him:
His bonnet was a hat of blue;
His sleeves were straight, of that same hue;
A surcoat, of a tawney dye,
Hung in plaits upon his thigh;
A breech, close unto his knock,
Handsomed with a long stocke;
Peeked before was his shoone,
He wore such as others done;
A bag of red was by his side,
And by that his napkin ty'd.
Thus John Gower did appear,
Quaint attired as you hear.

At the foot of all this poetry, permit me to place a very humble petition. I would fain know, what it is your correspondent, O, may happen to mean (Port Folio, p. 344) by the *moral faculty*, and what is the *chasm*, *produced* by its ab-

sence, and which seems, in the case of Servin, *to have been filled up by a more than common extension of every* OTHER *power of the mind?*

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

[We are favoured with the following extracts from an ingenious work which will appear in the Spring, from the press of Mr. Watts, and which, report says, is the best picture of England, in detail, that has hitherto been published.]

The manner of knocking at doors in London designates the quality of the person who wishes for admittance. For example, a single knock announces the milkman, coalman, servant, or beggar, and implies, *I beg leave to be admitted.* A double knock indicates the postman, or some one in great haste; as much as to say, *I must come in.*—A treble knock denotes the master or mistress of the house, or persons intimately acquainted with them. This speaks in the imperative. *Open immediately.*—Four distinct knocks announce a person of the *bon ton*, one degree below nobility. These are given by a servant, and signify, *I am coming in.*—The four knocks twice repeated, in a style truly *staccato* and firm, announce a Peer or Peeress, a nabob of Arcot, a Russian prince, a German baron, or some other extraordinary personage. This is as much as to say, *I am doing you a great honor in calling to see you.*

There is no nation so fond of puns as the English, if we except a certain class of the Americans. They constantly retail these ridiculous witticisms, in a manner scarcely supportable in the liberty of conversation. But this is not all: they abound even in the daily newspapers. Mr. Repton, an English writer of some talents, has endeavoured to apologize for them, in an elaborate article which does infinitely more credit to his erudition than good-sense. "For my part, says this gentlemen, I see no reason for wishing to proscribe punning, since it is sanctioned not only by the moderns, but by antiquity. We have frequent examples of it in sacred as well as profane writers; and there are no grounds for asserting that it proceeded from the bad taste of the remote ages in which it was used. We may recollect that the Pope holds his supremacy over the Church of Rome by an expression in the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew: 'Tu es *Petrus*, et super hanc *petram* ædificabo ecclesiam meam.' This passage cannot be rendered in English so as to preserve the pun, although it may in French and several other languages; which gave rise to a saying that the English were born to be heretics, as their very language does not permit them to understand and acknowledge the origin of the power with which the holy chair is invested."

This apologist for puns informs us that the essence of a good one consists in its novelty and the manner of producing it, so as to be well timed. Could any one refrain from laughing, says he, if he had been present when one traveller asked another, who was going to Cambridge, *if he intended to make a stay?* Sir, replied the latter, *do you take me for a stay-maker?* !

Many respectable writers have greatly exaggerated the influence of the climate of Great Britain on the national character; but the history of ancient and modern times proves that education, religion and the government are the principal causes of distinction in the manners of a people. The fine genius of the Greeks was long visible in their colonies; and the manners and customs of the English were retained, for more than a century, without any alteration, in their American possessions, which were before inhabited by a nation of savages. The impression made by the climate on the new inhabitants of the New World, during a hundred years, was almost imperceptible; but the changes produced by the revolution were sudden and striking. If the air and the climate have so great an effect, the ancient Britons must have resembled in their manners the English of the present day;—but whoever reads with attention the commentaries of Cæsar, or the life of Agricola, by Tacitus, will not admit so absurd a conclusion.

We should be equally mistaken if we were not to acknowledge the influence of climate in a certain degree. If it does not alone form the national character, it at least composes a part of its basis. Of this Great Britain is a striking instance. A damp, changeable and foggy atmosphere, in its effects upon the human frame, must conduce to that gloominess, thoughtfulness, and bluntness, peculiar to its natives. These are indeed modified, softened or fortified by circumstances; but the constant and uniform action of the climate is sufficiently visible.

Hume says, that the English, of all the people in the world, have the least national character. This observation, if it be not altogether false, certainly stands in need of some modification. It is true, that formerly the resemblance between them and other nations was greater than it is now. The eccentricities, which make them so remarkable to strangers, may be dated from the epoch when the revolution established their liberty and constitution on more sure foundations, giving to the opinions of the people a greater degree of independence, and consequently adding to their character those traits which distinguish them from the rest of mankind.

But how great soever may have been the effects of political, civil and religious liberty on the character of the English; whatever be the singularities which distinguish individuals; it is certain that they have a sufficient number of general traits to form a national character. The spirit of liberty and equality, the bases of their constitution, inspires them with a degree of haughtiness, which produces a remarkable love of imitation in every class of society, and forms a veritable national character. This imitative propensity is perceptible at the first glance. We observe it in dress, which is the same among all ranks, from the simplest artizan to the richest lord. If we except day-labourers, it is almost impossible to distinguish, by appearance, one class of society from another.

For the Port Folio.

EDUCATION.

[This topic, always of importance, is here aided by the peculiar misfortunes, as well merits, of the Messieurs Carré, the subjects of the present article. These gentlemen, after receiving a regular classical and scientific education at Caen in Normandy, one of the most celebrated universities in France, migrated to St. Domingo, whence they have been twice expelled by the ruffians* of reformation, after sustaining the loss of all their property. In this dismal reverse of circumstances, they sought an asylum in America, and instead of yielding tamely to the blasts of misfortune, or crouching in a parasite's guise for bread, they nobly resolved to dedicate their genius and learning to the instruction of youth. Their plan appears to be an excellent one; their success has been brilliant, and from the highly respectable testimony of the Patrons and Visitors of the Institution, we have not a doubt, that the public encouragement will wax warmer and warmer towards these ingenious exiles, who, though banished from a colony of degenerate France, are at home in the territories of elegant and useful literature.]

Original Outlines of the Institution.

Conforming to the wishes of some most respectable patrons in this city, as well as convinced of the advantage which such a plan must ensure, the *Subscribers* purpose to open a private Seminary of Learning in the *Country* they have fixed on Germantown, as a situation most fit for combining ease of access to parents, with salubrity of air, agreeable scenery and society.

If our own ease and profit were alone consulted, the change we contemplate would present no certainty of a position more favorable to those objects; for at this moment our pupils are numerous and our establishment encreasing; we have the satisfaction also to believe, that our efforts have proved acceptable to those who confided in our talents for education. We hope, however, to receive credit in professing, that we are governed in the proposed step by motives not so exclusively interested; while striving for subsistence, under the painful remembrance of happier days, we are not insensible to the *rights* of our employers and to the rewards of

* Dr. Johnson.

conscientiously performing the duties of our employment—duties so arduous and so sacred as those of training up youth to virtuous sentiments and to habits of useful exertion; mere reflection on the nature of the thing, as well as actual experience, prove to us, that whatever be the qualifications we possess for the tuition of youth, much of all our care and effort is counteracted, and the full effect diminished, by circumstances inseparably connected with *city* institutions of learning. Health, morals and habits are there precariously preserved or unsteadily maintained: much precious time is lost in removing, on account of prevalent diseases, and much devoted to vacations, rendered specious at least, if not indeed necessary, by the heats of climate and confined atmosphere. In a city too, the minds and manners of children are inevitably exposed to the contagions of promiscuous intercourse. No vigilance can discern nor authority repress, the approach and progression of irregular propensities, daily springing from the contamination of evil examples. It is unnecessary for us, however, to dwell on these motives: we could say much, and we feel what we profess: every parent and guardian will at once enter into our thoughts, and join in wishes for some reformation, some better prospect, for objects who engage their fondest solicitude. With the hope of meeting such expectations, our design is formed, to institute a school at Germantown, for the admission of boys not exceeding twelve years old, and their initiation in the elements of useful education; to board them at our own house and constantly to watch over their persons, their health, studies and even their amusements, with all the care and devotion which self-interest and a consciousness of the most sacred obligations can impose.

Perceiving what is indeed as common as it is obvious, the error, as well as the wrong, of attempting to instruct many pupils by disproportionate attention and inspection, we limit ourselves to *Twenty-four*, and in addition to our own incessant labors in each branch of education, an *assistant* will be engaged, perfectly qualified to aid us in studies and exercises merely English.

It would be an ostentatious, and indeed no easy task, to *detail* our ideas on education, or the plans we pursue: whether they are judicious, a short experience will decide; and, by the event, we must be content to be judged. Our course of instruction is simple, though in some respects novel; we promise no wonders; it will be adapted to the varied dispositions and genius of our scholars, not losing sight however of systematic arrangement and progression; our *guides* are nature and experience—our *objects* not merely to impart words and exhibit things; but chiefly, in this *outset* of the mind, to form it to the labor of thinking and reasoning upon, and understanding what is taught—to give to our youth just conceptions of the nature and end of learning; and to train them in habits of neatness and order, and to infuse into their b[illegible]oms early notions of the value and the honor of correct manners and literary distinctions. We cannot refrain from an observation here on American schools, (we speak from no prejudice or spirit of detraction), that, with some honorable exceptions, they exhibit in doors little else but a routine of short exercises and recitations, hastily performed and little understood, and followed out of doors by pernicious associations and trifling amusements: It shall be a great part of our duty and our pleasure to preside over and preserve those committed to us *at all times;* to convert every thing to the improvement of their minds, and even their very recreations to purposes of utility.

Arrived to a time of life which demands retirement, and reduced to circumstances which impose on us the steady exertion of our industry and talents for support, and with no *future* objects here, but to succeed in and live by the profession we have assumed; we venture to pledge to our patrons all the application of our minds, and the fruit of lives which have been chiefly devoted to literature. All we ask, if our plan shall go into execution, is, not to be too hastily judged,—we again re-

peat that our design is to form the young mind—to produce accomplished and well instructed young men, and not to rear prodigies.

The *domestic* arrangement, for an efficient and decent accommodation of so numerous, and care-requiring family, will be an object of primary concern: in our minds it is no small part of education bestowed on *children*, to cultivate a *taste* and relish for neatness in their persons and propriety of manners; we shall therefore place our *family* under a superintendence calculated as much as possible to alleviate the solicitude of parents, in regard to the domestic treatment of their delicate offspring.

In our *Seminary* will be taught, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar and Composition, the French Language, and Latin, (so far as to enable the scholar to *read* the best Classics), History, Geography, Logic, and the Mathematics, with other incidental instructions.

To enable us to proceed to the execution of this plan, we must procure a subscription for twenty-four pupils;—our *terms* for entrance $10, board, washing and lodging (beds and bedding found by parents), $300 per Annum, one quarter advanced; an *additional* charge will be made for necessary books, paper, quills and ink: Dancing and Drawing will be taught by the most eminent masters, at an additional charge of $5 entrance, and $10 a quarter.

JOHN & C. CARRE.

Philadelphia April 1st, 1806.

The situation of Germantown not being approved of by the patrons of the Institution, *Greenhill* was engaged as a temporary residence, until Spring, when a more elegible position would be fixt on. Messieurs Carré have now engaged a French Tutor, and gentleman well qualified to teach the English, Writing, the Mathematicks—Latin and Greek. The proposals originally embraced only one assistant in the English, but as the number of Tutors are now four, Messrs. Carré propose increasing their number of Pupils *immediately* to 32, and when they remove to Clermont, in April next, they propose increasing their School commensurate with the accommodation which the liberal disposition of Mr. Thomas Bulkeley has given in the erection of a fine Building calculated for a Seminary, on the Ridge between Germantown and Frankford Roads, about 4 miles from Philadelphia (of which it commands an extensive view, as well as of the Delaware), and about half a mile from Frankford. This scite is esteemed equally salubrious with any on the Continent; it is remote from the Great Public Roads and Villages.

The building at Clermont is 3 Stories high (the main building). The other parts 2 Stories.

On the ground floor are a School Room and Refectory, two other Rooms, a large Kitchen, &c. There are about 20 excellent bed Chambers, and ample and convenient offices.

Certificate of the Patrons and Visitors.

We the undersigned having this day, at the particular request of Messrs. John and Charles Carré, attended an examination of their pupils at Green-Hill, and having also obtained full information on every point connected with the objects of the institution, do with the greatest sincerity and pleasure certify, that the investigation has terminated, not only to our satisfaction, but exceeded our most sanguine hopes. Considering the infancy of the institution, and the difficulties always attendant on the foundation of such an establishment, the progress of the scholars appears really surprising, and eminently evinces the capacity, skill, and attention of the teachers. A few of the elder pupils who had been under the particular care of Mr. John Carré were examined in the Latin language, their progress satisfied us that the method adopted by Mr. John Carré is singularly successful. In addition to this, we perceive in the manners and deportment of the pupils, evident proofs of the care and assiduity of the teachers in this essential department of juvenile education. The neatness of their persons, their vivacity and health, indicate the best domestic superintendence. Inde-

pendent of this, our actual inspection and enquiries perfectly satisfy us, that the utmost care is exercised in whatever concerns their lodging, diet, and recreation, &c. In short we consider the support and even grateful acknowledgment of the patrons of the institution due to the Gentlemen who conduct it for the exertions they have evidently made to promote the morals, polish the manners and advance the education of their pupils. That the investigation might appear the more impartial, several gentlemen were invited to attend it, no otherwise concerned than as a friends to every liberal establishment for the promotion of learning; their names, together with those of the particular patrons of the Seminary are subscribed, in testimony of the complete approbation of the conduct and success of the institution.

Philadelphia, November 26, 1806.

VISITORS.

Thomas W. Francis.
Richard Peters, Jun.
Robert Waln.
William Griffith.
Thomas Bulkeley.
N. Chapman.
Benjamin R. Morgan.
John B. Wallace.
Samuel F. Bradford.
John Vaughan.

The undersigned Parents and Guardians of some of the pupils under the tuition of Messrs. John and Charles Carré, not having it in their power to attend the examination held at Greenhill on the 26th Instant, do hereby declare their perfect confidence in the annexed certificate, and cheerfully announce their compleat satisfaction at the progress of the pupils, and their determination to support this truly promising institution.

Philadelphia, November 28, 1806.

Thomas Newman.
Henry Pratt.
James Yard.
Chaudron.
Paul Beck, Jun.
Robert Smith.

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

A musical phenomenon, in the person of a Mr. WEBSTER, from the theatre-royal, Dublin, made his appearance at the New Theatre for the first time on Wednesday evening, in the character of Young Meadows. Report had spoken so favourably of this gentleman's powers, that the house was crowded at an early hour; and it gives us much pleasure to state that public expectation was most fully gratified. The songs of "Tell her I'll love her" and the "Thorn" were introduced with wonderful effect, and received a fulness of applause which is here seldom excited by the utmost exertions of our most favored performers. Hitherto we have been led away by an opinion that good singers must of necessity be bad actors, and Incledon, Braham, Kelly, and others have, not without reason, been cited as instances. Mr. Webster, we are pleased to observe, has not been neglectful of the graces, and his acting would do credit to the boards of a London theatre.

The lovers of music may now have a delicious treat in the united talents of Mr. Webster and Mr. Woodham. *The Cabinet*, *Thirty Thousand*, *Marianne*, *The Beggar's Opera*, *Midas*, and other pieces abounding in duets, are now within the managers' means; and we sincerely hope they will not lose 'the fav'ring hour.'

We cannot refrain from commending the liberality of the managers in giving Mr. Webster an engagement when they had already a very able performer in the same line. Were a good female singer or two added to the Philadelphia company, it might boast of being the first in the United States, in every walk but that of Melpomene.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I lately met with the following beautiful verses, so dreadfully mutilated by one of your brother Editors, that it was with difficulty I could produce in them

either rhyme or reason. As they now stand, I conceive they deserve translation; and you would do well to invite your poetical correspondents to the task.

Yours,

S. MELMOTH.

A LA MÉLANCOLIE.

Tendre mélancolie,
Volupté du malheur,
Loin de ma douce amie,
Que j'aime ta langueur!
O, sœur de la tendresse!
O, fille de l'amour!
De ta douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaque jour.

Au lever de l'aurore,
Témoin de mes douleurs,
Le soir te trouve encore
Le témoin de mes pleurs:
Pour calmer ma souffrance
Viens, reçois mes soupirs;
Ils tiennent dans l'absence
Lieu de tous les plaisirs.

Sentiment doux et tendre,
Viens souvent me presser,
Pleurs que tu fais répandre
Sont bien doux à verser:
Connaît-on sans souffrance
Les plaisirs de l'amour?
Aurait-on sans l'absence
Le bonheur du retour?

Que ta langueur charmante
Ajoute à mon bonheur!
Que ta voix consolante
Convient à ma douleur!
De l'amant dans l'ivresse,
De l'amant malheureux,
Sois toujours la déesse;
Qu'ils t'adorent tous deux.

Quand la belle Sylvie
Fut sensible à mon feu,
Ce fut la reverie
Qui lui servit d'aveu.
J'ignorais sa faiblesse,
Et je l'appris un jour
En voyant sa tristesse,
Doux prélude d'amour.

D'un ruisseau le murmure,
Le silence des bois,
Des gazons la verdure,
Du rossignol la voix:
Sur toi tout renouvelle
Mille doux souvenirs;
Plaisirs qu'on se rappèle
Sont toujours des plaisirs.

D'une amante chérie
Rappèle moi les traits;
Je n'ai plus dans la vie
De biens que mes regrets.
Malheureux qui des larmes
Ignore la douceur,
Et méconnaît les charmes
De ta tendre douleur!

Tendre mélancolie,
Volupté du malheur,
Je te soumets ma vie,
Je te livre mon cœur;
O, sœur de la tendresse!
O, fille de l'amour!
De ta douce tristesse
Nourris moi chaque jour.

Mr. Tickell, the ingenious author of Anticipation, published about the year 1778, an epistle from the Honourable Charles Fox patridge shooting, to the Honourable John Townsend cruising. This is one of the most witty and poetical trifles we have ever read. It is extremely scarce in America, and we cannot resist the temptation of quoting the following passage, where the poet describes the reception of his friend at the club, and at Charles Fox's supper, with BURKE and SHERIDAN for the guests.

Soon as to Brookes's thence thy footsteps bend,
What gratulations thy approach attend!
See Gibbon rap his box, auspicious sign,
That classic compliment and wit combine.
See Beauclerc's cheek a tinge of red surprise,
And friendship gives what cruel health denies.
Important Townsend! what can thee withstand?
The ling'ring black-ball lags in Boothby's hand;
Even Draper checks the sentimental sigh,
And Smith, without an oath, suspends the dye.

That night, to festive wit and friendship due,
That night thy Charles's board shall welcome you;
Sallads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste;
Deep shalt thou delve in Weltjie's motley paste;
Derby shall lend, if not his plate, his cooks,
And know, I've bought the best Champaign from Brookes;
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who nurs'd in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

On that auspicious night, supremely grac'd
With chosen guests, the pride of liberal Taste;
Not in contentious heat, nor mad'ning strife,
Not with the busy ills nor cares of life,
We'll waste the fleeting hours, for happier themes
Shall claim each thought, and chase ambition's dreams;

Each *Beauty* that *Sublimity* can boast
He best shall tell, who still unites them most.
Of Wit, of Taste, of Fancy, we'll debate,
If *Sheridan* for once be not too late;
But scarce a thought to ministers we'll spare,
Unless on Polish politics with Hare:
Good natur'd *Devon!* oft shall then appear,
The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer;
Oft shall Fitzpatrick's wit, and Stanhope's ease,
And Burgoyne's manly sense unite to please.

Some of the old England Poets describe with much quaintness the pleasures of a country life. Heywood excels in this way.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

We that have known no greater state,
Than this we live in, praise our fate:
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheephooks for our use desire:
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition;
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold:
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those bestain'd in scarlet dye:
Those that have plenty, wear, we see,
But one at once, and so do we.
The shepherd with his homespun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold, and pearls;
And though but plain to purpose woo,
Nay ofttimes with less danger too.
Those that delight in danties store,
One stomach feed at once, no more:
And when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains, that dare forswear;
We wonder whence it comes, and fear,
They've been at court, and learnt it there.

Air may be regarded as the parent of health and vegetation; as a kind dispenser of light and warmth; and as the conveyer of sounds and odours. This is an element of which avarice will not deprive us, and which power cannot monopolize. The treasures of the earth, the verdure of the fields, and even the refreshments of the stream, are too often going only to assist the luxuries of the great, while the less fortunate part of mankind stand humble spectators of their encroachments. But the air, no temptations can bound, nor any landmark restrain. In this benign element, all mankind can boast an equal possession; and for this, we have all equal obligations to Heaven.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The anxiety of "Henry" is morbid. Let him strive to cure himself, not by a philosophical, but by the following *poetical* regimen.

Why wilt thou, Hal, with boundless schemes,
Disjointed, as a sick man's dreams,
Perplex thy bounded mind;
And grasping at the *future hour*,
Let slip the *present* from thy power?
Oh, impotent and blind!
Say, should'st thou an Ephemeron spy,
Would'st thou not laugh till either eye,
Swam joyously in tears?
To hear the silly insect say,
I quit the pleasures of *to-day*,
To toil for *future years*.
That silly insect, Hal, art thou;
I know it by thy wrinkled brow—
But come, of this no more;
Forsake thy desk, forego thy cares,
Kick Coke on Lyttleton down stairs,
And meet me at the *Boar*.

Our new and agreeable correspondent, "Analyticus," should be immediately gratified, if a compliance with his request did not militate against an established rule of the editor. We hope to give him no occasion for remonstrance in future.

The eulogium of SHAKSPEARE, and the happy allusion to the place of his nativity, remind us of a ballad stanza.

Each shire has its different pleasures;
Each shire has its different treasures;
But to *rare Warwickshire* all must submit,
For the WIT OF ALL WITS was a Warwickshire wit,
How he writ!
For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit.

The letter of "CURIO" calls to remembrance a passage from a beautiful song by Capt. MORRIS.

On youth's soft pillow tender Truth
Her pensive lesson taught me,
Age soon mock'd the dream of Youth
And Wisdom wak'd and caught me;
A bargain then with Love I knock'd,
To hold the pleasing gipsey,
When wise, to keep my bosom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipsy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Mr. Editor,

I am requested by a young friend to present to you the inclosed attempt at *burlesque*, for insertion in the Port Folio. If you think well of it, you will flatter its author by publishing a first essay. Perhaps you will, with your usual clemency, pass on the offender against our republican prejudices, a mild sentence. With sincere esteem and high respect,

I remain,
Your friend and servt.
J. D.

Specimen of the Reports of Scriblerus, jun. which he intends to offer to the American Public, at the very low price of six dollars a volume. The London edition (if there were any) would sell for twelve dollars, in boards.

Commonwealth, v. Cochon Hunt. } Habeas Corpus cum causa, &c. to C. Hunt, to remove Grunter, a hog, from his custody.

Statement del Case.

Grunter, a hog, whose sounding name
Is yet but little known to Fame;
Being per force in prison cast,
(A place but little to his taste)
To Couns'ler Sharp makes known his case;
And begs he'll try all legal ways,
To get him out—Sharp, after poring
O'er books, with store of legal lore in;
Resolves to issue habeas corpus,
As suiting best the pris'ner's purpose;
On which being brought before the Court,
Sharp makes a speech (prout report.)

L'argument del counsel pour le prisonier.

May't please the Court—I think the case
Plain as the snout in Grunter's face;
The prisoner hath been oppress'd,
And prays his wrongs may be redress'd;
He's been depriv'd of that great right,
For which we all are bound to fight;

Fighter pour la liberte.

I mean of Liberty! which all
Allow to be most natural;
And not to man alone, but to
All sorts of creatures, high, and low,
What right, by nature's law, have I,
To hold in durance e'en a fly?—

Le cheval auxy franke qu' l' homme.

The horse who grinds his master's tan,
By nature, is as free as man.
But proud oppression walks the earth,
And crushes merit, virtue, worth;
The rich oppress the poor—The strong
But use their strength to sanction wrong.

But as the law of nature now
Is obsolete, I'll try to show,
That even by the laws in force,
The prisoner has a right, of course,
To be discharg'd, on giving bail,
From all the horrors of a jail;
A place by tyrants first invented;
Who to oppress the people meant it.

Le jail très anti-republican.

A place which every democrat
Instinctively must tremble at.

The constitution, fourteenth section,
Article ninth, gives this direction;
All prisoners shall be let from jail,
On giving good sufficient bail;
Unless for capital offences,
Et cætera; and on no pretences
Shall th' act of habeas corpus be
Suspended—Now, Sir, are not we
Entitled under the provision,
To claim the prisoner's dismission?
With confidence I leave the case,
To argue further would disgrace
Your honours' judgment, and would be
But idle waste of time in me.

Pour le prosecution. *Attorney General in reply.*

Sir—I contend, the person can't
Be set at large—The idle rant
Us'd by his counsel, plainly shews us,
He cant on legal grounds oppose us;
The constitution on its face
Does not embrace the present case;
'Twas made for citizens alone;
And as the counsel has not shown
His client to be one—of course
His argument's of little force.
But, Sir, the prisoner is a vagrant,
And has committed the most flagrant
Abuses, outrages and torts;
Such as are found in no reports,
Such as I never met, at least,
From the first year-book to fifth East;
He has scar'd horses, beaux and women,
Splash'd breeches, stockings, gowns and trimming;
Not fearing God, and shunning evil:
But instigated by the devil,
He hath at divers times upset
Women in gutters foul and wet;
Then, rubb'd against, and scrap'd, and scratch'd,
In ways that never yet were match'd;
Divers good people he's and she's,
"To their damage, and against the peace,
Et cætera," and I think enough here
(Being prov'd) appears to make him suffer;
Besides the may'r, by proclamation,
Warn'd him against perambulation;
To which he paid such small regard,
That none will say his case is hard.

Counsellor Sharp.

Uncore pour le prisonier. Although I thought the question plain,
I must address the court again,
To note some observation which
Fell from my brother in his speech;
He says the hog's a vagrant—I
Th' assertion utterly deny:
He has an obvious way to live,
A way which any may perceive.
His lawful and known trade Sir, is,
Useful and necessary, viz.

Le Cochon (anglicè a hog) est vicorum urbis Curator (anglicè a scavenger.) A Scavenger—and, Sir, the offence
Of fright'ning children's a pretence;
And nothing more to sanction wrong,
Which weak men oft must bear from strong;
An observation, which, 'tis meet,
"Iterum qu' iterum" to repeat:
Why are not criers of pepperpot,
Sweeps, watchmen, rag-men, and what not,
For their vile noises laid by th' heels,
No hog that ever grunts or squeals,
I take upon myself to say,
E'er made a viler noise than they.
Why are the Apollonian crew,
With sounds Apollo never knew,
"With kettle-drum, whose sullen dub
"Sounds like the hooping of a tub;"*
With clarionets so hoarse and old,
You'd swear the night air'd giv'n them cold;
Suffer'd each night through town to stroll,
And set the dogs to yelp and howl?
I hardly notice the base slur
Cast on the injur'd prisoner,
To wit, "That he not fearing evil"
Was "instigated by the devil."
There never was but one case where
It plainly could be made t' appear
That swine were instigated by
The dev'l, and then they gave a cry,
And ran *full tilt* into the sea.
Therefore the present race can't be
Related to them. But admit
They had not drown'd themselves, sir, yet
The devil would only vested be
In them for life, and not in fee!
But further, sir, we'll clearly show,
That we have wandered to and fro,

Prescription time whereof the memory of hogsrunneth not to the contrary. Time immemorial (that's to say)
No hog remembers now the day;
At which they did not freely run
About each street and lane in town;
Without let, stoppage, or vexation,
Hindrance, or other molestation;
And Blackstone (seventeenth chapter) says,
We may prescribe for rights of ways.
We ask for justice, and we hope
Chancery officinæ justitiæ Blkst. We've ask'd it in the proper shop.

Per Curiam.

We think there's not the smallest speck of doubt
About the case—Grunter cannot get out:
He's not a citizen—Prescribe he can't,
Prescriptions always presuppose a grant,*
And to a grant three things are always wanted;
Grantor, grantee, and subject to be granted.
The grantor must be capable to give,
The grantee must be able to receive.
Hogs are not persons capable, of course,
No grant to them can be of any force.
But, if the prisoner thinks he can stand by it,
Let him bring *false imprisonment*, and try it.

Reporter's note. The cause was never tried;
Death, with a butcher's knife,
To put an end to strife,
Seiz'd Grunter by the throat, (that is) he died.

Parallèle des Médecins et des Belles.

Vrais instrumens de plaisir et de peine,
Partout on voit la Belle et le Docteur,
Se partager la pauvre espèce humaine,
De nos beaux jours, la première a la fleur;
Mais du dernier je crois le lot meilleur.
Si la santé de l'une est la domaine,
La maladie à l'autre nous ramène.
Tandis qu'il fait de nous tout ce qu'il veut,
Et que jamais il ne lâche sa proie,
La Belle en fait, helas! ce qu'elle peut,
Et souvent même au Docteur nous renvoie.
Lorsque des ans le froid vient nous glacer,
Et que de nous la Belle se sépare,
Le Médecin pour toujours s'en empare.
De celui-ci l'on ne peut se passer
Dès qu'avec lui l'on s'habitue à vivre;
De celle-là quand par trop il s'y livre,
L'homme bientôt finit par se lasser.

KÉRIVALANT.

Moralité.

Pourquoi se plaindre que l'envie
Sur nous distille son poison?
Au fer d'une lance ennemie
Téléphe dut sa guérison.

KÉRIVALANT.

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* Butler.

* Blackstone.

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